

FROLICS

25¢



Prize-Contest



De Mirlan Studio

DOROTHY KNAPP, in Earl Carroll's "VANITIES"

FROLICS

EDITORIAL

MODERN life needs action. A certain successful business man once drove his car with extreme care. When a sign read: "Speed Limit 15 Miles per Hour", he obeyed it. He turned corners at one-third the speed the car was traveling. He stopped at all crossroads, and waited for taxicabs to pass. He had a flat tire.

Only flat tire publications remain stagnant. Live ones grow and change, life means growth.

Now mark this issue. We inaugurate a prize contest, different in its way from any other. If you like this one we will have some more, new and novel too. Then we have another new feature, "a letter to the editor" Humorous column. Send in a letter, no matter how difficult your question may be, it won't stump our editor, he will answer it in the next issue.

Shortly the theatrical season will open, so we will have some new and eye taking poses for the next issue.

Watch for a few rib tickling surprises. Notice how each issue of the magazine improves over the preceding one. Our Motto "More for a quarter than any humor magazine in America".

Write us and tell your suggestions for improving the magazine. We welcome frank criticism because that is how we tell what our readers want.

The reward of good work is the privilege of doing better work.

Yours till next issue

RIDEOUT SMITH



Hits from Wits

In the smallest cot there is room enough for a loving pair.—Schiller.

In her first passion woman loves her lover, in all others, all she loves is love.—Byron.

I have heard of reasons manifold.
Why love must needs be blind
But this is the best of all I hold
His eyes are in his mind.—Coleridge.

Give to your boy, your Caesar
The rattle of a globe to play withal
This gewgaw world, to put him cheaply off
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.
—Dryden.

Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing
Love is ever sick yet is never dying
Love is ever fine yet is ever lying
Love dotes in liking and is mad in loathing
Love indeed is anything yet indeed is nothing.
—Theo Middleton.

As love knows no law, so it regardeth no conditions.—Lyly.
The lover of the husband may be lost.
—Lord Littleton.

What thing is love,
It is a tingle, it is a sting
It is a pretty little thing
It is a fire it is a coal
Whose flame creeps in and burns us whole.
—George Peele.

No sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner they sighed, but they asked one another the reason.—Shakespeare.

A COLORED TRAGEDY

The incident had left her white and shaken.
The suddenness of it had stunned her.
Joy had gone—leaving only blackness in its place.

An empty bottle on the floor near by
Told the tragic tale.
It was done—
It would never be the same again.
Nothing could help at such a time.
Why had she been so foolish?
This would not have happened
If she had not been so hasty.
There was no one to blame but herself.
Footsteps—she could not face him this way.
Because—her new dress was covered with ink.

APHORISTIC APPLESAUCE

You can lead a college boy to water, but you can't make him drink it.

If you thirst and don't suck seed, suck lemon.

Every man in the United States has an equal chance of becoming a bricklayer.

College graduates make money; others have to earn it.

Pay as you go unless you are going for good.

A pint in the hand is worth two prescriptions.



SHE MADE A MISTAKE

The case looked black against the prisoner who was charged with loitering suspiciously at the railway station.

Presently the magistrate said sternly: "This lady says you tried to speak to her at the railway station."

"It was a mistake," pleaded the man in the dock. "I was looking for my wife's young niece whom I'd never seen but who had been described to me as a handsome young lady, with golden hair, well cut features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed and—"

With a charming blush the principal witness against him interrupted his flow of eloquence.

"I don't want to prosecute the gentleman," she said to the magistrate. "Anyone might have made the same mistake."

CHORUS GIRLS

Why waste your time writing letters to your many admirers when you can use our form letter number 2695? No work or brains necessary. Simply cross out the articles that don't apply. We are enclosing a sample letter.

Dearest Tom, Fred, Jack, Frank, Arthur, Robert, Percival, Leopold—():

I received your darling check, automobile, flowers, candy, fur coat—(). Many thanks, indeed. It was too small, too cheap-looking, too withered, too moldy, too short—(). I am sure, dearest, that you will use better judgment next time.

Oh, sweetness, remember the wonderful time that we had together when we were in your yacht, your automobile, your home, at the country club, at the prom, at the cabaret—(). I long to be with you again. Call me up to-night, to-morrow night, Wednesday night, Saturday night, next week, next month—(), when I shall be free. You may take me to a cabaret, dance, hotel, inn—().

Fondest regards to your wife, wives, and my best love to your children, my children, our children, their children.

Lovingly, sincerely, affectionately—().

Carolyn, Lillian, Edna, Gilda, Florence, Dorothy, Sylvia, Myra, Bryna, Guinevere—().



EXPEDITION SEASON

*The whimsus wails in the gusty gales
That boom on Baffin coast.
He walks on his hands in the Arctic lands,
And his neck is like a post,
But not a hair of that beast so rare
Can our suffering city boast!*

*The two-faced swan of the Amazon,
She never has nested here,
Her solo-duet we have never heard yet,
And local life is dear.
Will nobody heed our crying need?
Will nobody volunteer?*

*They all say no? Then I will go!
My duty is clear as day*



Willie Howard in "Scandals"

*To fetch the swan from the Amazon,
The whim from Baffin Bay,
And all I ask ere I tackle my task
Is a kind millionaire's O. K.*

• • •

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

Do you remember in the Long Ago
The nights we spent when we were put to bed,
Straining our ears to catch the sounds below,
To ease us of our fearful, ghostly dread?
Do you remember where the curtain draped
The closet where we used to look in fear,
Expecting that the folds so ghostly shaped
Would come at any moment very near?
Do you remember shadows on the blind
And fountains when the heart beats seemed to stop.
When leafless branches nodding in the wind,
Against the window panes began to tap?
Do you remember, 'rising from the bog,
An awful sound, "the Banshee's lonely croon"?
'Twasn't really that, 'twas just a dog
That tried to tell his sorrows to the moon.
Do you remember crying in the night
And wondering if the day was coming soon,
When suddenly the room was full of light



One of the Many Adventures of Gil Blass

I THEREFORE laid a plan to disguise myself, as a young nobleman, and look out for adventures of gallantry. There was risk in assuming my masquerade dress at home, lest it might be observed. I took a complete suit from my master's wardrobe, and made it up into a bundle which I carried to a barber's, where I could dress and undress conveniently. There I tricked myself out to the best advantage.

As I was crossing a bye street, a lady of genteel figure, elegantly dressed, came out of a small house, and got into an hired carriage, standing at the door. I stopped short to look at her, and bowed significantly, so as to convey an intimation that my heart was not insensible. On her part to show me that her face was not less lovely than her person, she lifted up her veil for a moment. In the meantime the coach set off, and I stood stock still in the street, not a little stiffened at this vision. A vastly pretty woman! said I to myself, bless us! this is just what is wanting to make me perfectly accomplished. If the two ladies who share Mogian between them are equally handsome, the scoundrel is in luck! I should be delighted with her for a mistress. Ruminating on these things, I looked by chance towards the house whence that lovely creature had glided, and saw at a window on the ground floor an old lady beckoning me to come in.

I flew like lightning into the house, and found in a very neat parlor, this venerable and wary matron, who, taking me for a marquis at least, dropped a low curtsy, and said—I doubt not, my Lord, but you must have a bad opinion of a woman who without the slightest acquaintance, beckons you out of the street, but you will perhaps judge more favorably of me when you shall know that I do not pay that compliment promiscuously. You look like a man of fashion! You are perfectly in the night my old girl, interrupted I, stretching out my right leg and throwing the weight of my body on my left hip; mine is, vanity apart, one of the best families in Spain. It must be so by your looks replied she, and I will fairly own that I delight doing a kindness to people of quality, that is my weak side. I watched you through my window. You looked very earnestly at a lady who has just left me. Perhaps you may have taken a fancy to her? tell me so plainly. By the honor of my house, answered I, she has shot me through the heart. I never saw anything so tempting; a most divine creature! Do bring us acquainted my dear, and rely on my gratitude. It is worth while to do these little offices for us of the beau monde; they are better paid than our bills.

I have told you once for all, replied the old woman, I am entirely devoted to people of condition; it is my passion to be useful to them. I receive, for example a certain class of ladies, whom appearances prevent from seeing their favorites at home. I lend them my house and thus the warmth of their constitutions is indulged, without risk to their characters. Vastly well, quoth I, and you have just done that kindness to the lady in question? No, answered she, this is a young widow of quality, in want of an admirer; but so difficult in her choice, that I do not know whether you will do for her, however great your requisites may be. I have already introduced her to three well furnished gallants, but she turned up her nose at them. Oh! egad, my life, exclaimed I confidently, you have only to stick me in her skirts, I will give you a good account of her, take my word for it. I long to have a grapple with a beauty of such peremptory demands, they have not yet fallen in my way. Well, then said the old woman, you have only to come hither to-morrow at the same hour your curtesy shall be satisfied, I will not fail, rejoined I; we shall see whether a young nobleman can miss a conquest.

Therefore on the following day, I went in splendid attire, to the old woman's an hour sooner than the time. My lord, said she, you are punctual and I take it kindly. To be sure the game is worth the chase. I have seen our young widow, and we have had a good deal of talk about you. Not a word was to be said; but I have taken such a liking to you that I cannot hold my tongue. You have made yourself agreeable and soon will be a happy man. Between ourselves,



SYBIL BURSK in "THE GREAT TEMPTATIONS"
De Muzian Studio

the lady is a relishing morsel, her husband did not live long with her. He glided away like a shadow: she has all the merit of an absolute girl. The good old lady, no doubt meant one of those clever girls who contrive not to live single, though they live unmarried.

The heroine of the assignation came soon in an hired carriage as on the day before dressed magnificently. I went up to her with a very familiar air, and said—My adored angel, you behold a gentlemen of no mean rank, whom your charms have undone, Your image since yesterday, has taken complete possession of my fancy, you have turned a duchess, neck and heels out of my heart, who was beginning to establish a footing there. The triumph is too glorious for me, answered she, throwing off her veil, but still my transports are not without alloy. Young men of fashion love variety, and their hearts are, they say, banded about from one to the other like a piece of base money. Ah my sovereign mistress, replied I, let us leave the future to shift for itself, and think only of the present. You are lovely and I am in love. If my passion is not hateful to you let it take its course at random. We will embark like true sailors, set the storms and shipwreck of a long voyage at defiance, and only take the fair weather of the present into the account.

In finishing this speech, I threw myself in rapture at the feet of my nymph; and the better to hit off my assumed character pressed her with some little peevishness not to delay my bliss. She seemed a little touched by my remonstrances, but thought it too soon to yield, and giving me a little gentle rebuff—Hold said she, you are too importunate, this is like a rake. I fear you are but a loose young fellow. For shame madame, exclaimed I; can you set your face against what woman of the first taste condition and encourage? A prejudice against what is vulgarly called vice may be all very well for citizens wives. That is decisive, replied she, there is no resisting so forcible a plea, I see plainly that with men of your order dissimulation is to no purpose; a woman must meet you half way. Learn then your victory, added she with an appearance of disorder, as if her modesty suffered by the avowal; you have inspired me with sentiments such as are new to my heart, and I only wait to know who

you are, that I may take you for my acknowledged lover... I believe you are a lord and a gentleman, yet there is no trusting to appearances; however prepossessing I may be in your favor, I would not give away my affections to a stranger.

Madam, said I to my dainty widow, I will not excuse myself from telling you my name, it is one that will not disparage its owner. Have you ever heard of Don Matthias de Silva? Yes, she replied, indeed I have seen him with a lady of my acquaintance. Though considerably improved in impudence, I was a little troubled by this discovery. Yet I rallied in an instant, and extricated myself with a happy presence of mind. Well then my fair one, retorted I, the lady of your acquaintance... knows a lord... of my acquaintance... and I am of his acquaintance; of his own family since you must know it. His grandfather married the sister-in-law of my father's uncle. You see we are very near relations. My name is Don Caesar. I am the only son of the Great Don Ferdinand de Ribera, slain fifteen years ago, in a battle on the frontiers of Portugal. I could give you all the particulars of the action; it was a devilish sharp one... but to fight it over again would be losing the precious moments of mutual love...

After this discourse I got to be importunate and impassioned, but without bringing matters at all forward. The favors which my goddess winked at my snatching, tended only to make me languish for what she was more chary of. The tyrant got back to her coach, which was waiting at the door. Nevertheless, I withdrew, well enough pleased with my success though it still fell short of the only perfect issue. If, said I to myself, I have obtained indulgences but by halves, it is because this lady forsooth is a high-born dame, and thinks it beneath her quality to play the very woman at her first interview. The pride of pedigree stands in the way of my advancement just now, but in a few days we shall be better acquainted. We had agreed at parting to meet again on the day after the morrow; and the hope of arriving at the summit of my wishes gave me a foretaste of the pleasures with which I tickled my fancy.

With my brain full of joyous traces, I returned to my barber. Having changed my dress, I went to attend my master at the tennis court. I found



him at play and saw that he won. He left the tennis court in high spirits, and went for the Prince's Theatre. I followed him to the box door, then putting a ducat into my hand—Here, Gil Blas, said he, as I had been a winner to-day, you shall not be the worse for it; divert yourself with your friends, and come to me after midnight at Arsenia's, where I am to sup with Don Alexo Segiar. He then went in and I stood debating with whom I should disburse my ducat according to the pious will of the founder. I did not muse long. Clarin, Don Alexo's servant, just then came my way. I took him to the next tavern, and we amused ourselves there till midnight. Thence we repaired ourselves to Arsenia's house where Clarin had orders to attend. A little foot-boy opened the door, and showed us into a room downstairs, where Arsenia's waiting-woman, and the lady who held the same office about Florimonde, were laughing ready to split their sides, while their mistresses were above stairs with our masters.

The addition of two jolly fellows just come from a good supper, could not be unwelcome to abigails, and to abigails of actresses too, but what was my astonishment when in one of those lowly ladies I discovered my widow, my adorable widow, whom I took for a countess or a marchioness! She appeared equally amazed to see her dear Don Caesar de Ribera metamorphosed into the valet of a beau. However, we looked at one another without being out of countenance indeed, such a tingling sensation of laughter came over us both, as we could not help indulging in. After which Laura, for that was her name, drawing me aside while Clarin was speaking to her fellow servant, held out her hand to me very kindly, and said in a low voice—Accept this pledge, Signor Don Caesar, mutual congratulations are more to the purpose than mutual reproaches, my friend. You toppled your part to perfection, and I was not quite contemptible in mine. What you say? Confess now, did not you take me for one of those precious peeresses who are fond of a little smuggled amusement? It is even so answered I, but whoever you are, my empress, I have not changed my sentiments with my paraphernalia. Accept my services in good part, and let the valet-de-chambre of Don Matthias consummate what Don Caesar has so happily begun. Get you gone, replied she, I like you ten times better in your natural than in your artificial character. You are as a man what I am as a woman, and that is the greatest compliment I can pay you. You are admitted into the number of my adorers. We have no longer any need of the old lady as a blind, you may come and see me whenever you like. We theatrical ladies are no slaves to form, but live higgledy piggledy with the men. I allow that the effects are sometimes visible, but the public wink hard at our irregularities, the drama's patrons as you well know, give the drama's laws, and absolve us from all others... FINIS.

YOKE WAS ON HER

Clarn'g, clarn'g! The brave firemen are running down the street to the fire. Lady in the fourth window of the burning apartments. "Halp," says she. "Halp, halp!" "Yump," says we. "I can't," says she. "Yump," says we. "I can't," says she. "Yump," says we. "We got a blanket." Und she yumped on the sidewalk and broke her neck. Und we larfed and larfed, 'cause we knew we never had no blanket.

JUST A FLAT TIRE

As the cab rolled through the dark streets muffled shrieks and sounds of a struggle came to the ears of the driver. He stood it as long as he could, then, being a conscientious man, turned, and said with some heat:

"Listen, buddy! I don't mind necking parties, but you can't stage a wrestling match in my cab with something half your size. I'll not see you taking advantage of the little girl."

Then the little girl said:

"Poke your head where it belongs, Frog-Face. How can he help it if I'm ticklish?"

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The skin she loves to touch—Raccoon.
Four out of five have it—The "gimmies."
Eventually, why not now—Getting the pin.
Keep that schoolgirl complexion—It won't do his coat any good.
The flavor that lasts—Her new lipstick.
She'd walk a mile—If she couldn't ride.
Say it with flowers—Tulips most frequently.
Time to retire—If she's a flat one.
You just know she wears them—Other fellows' pins.
Because she loves nice things—The Prom.
There's a reason—She's a co-ed.
Ask dad, he knows—When the bills must be paid.

EPITAPHS

"Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;
So that, in winter, when the snow and the slush
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemas can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled."

"Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life;
She has left all its sorrows and cares;
She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs.
They put mustard-plasters upon her in vain;
They bathed her with whisky and rum;
But Thursday her spirit departed, and left
Her body entirely numb."



Advice to Newlyweds

BE sure that you remove all the tin cans and old shoes from the automobile in which you leave the wedding hall, and the rice that is thrown at you by the well-wishers is out of your clothing and out of your baggage; remove all pink, red or green ribbons from the trunks, suitcases and valises. When you go into the railroad station to purchase Pullman tickets do not ask whether the two tickets you are purchasing are close together, and if you were an old married man you probably would prefer them far apart.

When registering at a hotel do not ask for the highest priced room, but ask what are the prices of the room, and then select the one that suits your taste. Do not call your wife "Honey," "Dearest," "Sweetheart," "Darling" and the rest of those endearing terms, in the lobby. Her first name will suffice, and does suffice for a married man—unless he happens to think of something not quite in the same line. And this, above all: Do not carry her baggage. You carry yours, and let her carry her own. If you were married for any length of time you would have her carry all of it. If you follow these instructions, you will be all right. One sap followed our advice.

After the wedding, the bridegroom removed the shoes and cans from the automobile, went through their luggage and dusted out all the rice, removed all the gay-colored ribbons from their luggage, got two Pullman train tickets without asking whether they were close together, argued about the price in the hotel. But when the clerk put the register before him the groom asked: "Pardon me, do I write Mr. and Mrs., or Mr. and wife? I have never done this before."

"NOW IT CAN BE TOLD."

(Here is the first actual conversation between the sorority girl and her rushee—IF each had said what she wanted to say.)

Sorority Girl—Has your dad much jack?

Rushee—Oh, yes; but not as much as I pretend he has. I am quite a strain on the family purse, as well as their nerves.

S. G.—Do you neck?

Rushee—Well, I don't neck as much as I have heard some of your girls do, but I have my little fun—and have never walked home.

S. G.—What are your chances of bringing a car to school?

Rushee—About half and half. Half the family doesn't want me to, and the other half is utterly opposed. But if I did, I certainly would not haul some of the funny-looking luggage you have here around in it. Especially the fat one in the corner with the wandering eye-balls, underslung chassis, ingrown hair and hideous color combination. Lord, how did she ever get here? Oh, well, she is not so far out of place!

S. G.—She IS no rose, but we have to have something to bring up the scholastic standing!

(AND SO ON, INTO THE NIGHT.)

* * *

BEAUTIFUL OHIO

*"Here is to Cincinnati, just across the Rhine,
Where the water is muddy and the beer used to
be fine.*

*Here is to Sandusky, up the State a little higher,
And to Westerville, which Bro. Wheeler says is
drier.*

*Here is to Columbus, with its special frills,
Here is to Akron, on its Rubberneck Hills.
Here is to Cleveland, at the end of the chant,
And here is three cheers for good old Dick Grant.
Here is to Ohio, its field and its sod,
The home of saints and sinners, yet beloved of
God."*



NITA NALDI, IN "THE MIRACLE OF LIFE" Universal Picture

FROLICS PRIZE CONTEST



FROLICS offers something new in the way of a prize contest. Eight pictures have been drawn by our staff, each picture designed to express an emotion. It is for you to guess what emotion each picture best expresses.

Since every one is either a moving picture fan or critic, this should be easy. Everybody has his or her idea as to how a human emotion should be facially expressed. Does that expression mean hate, fear, love or laughter?



2



6



3



7



1



8

For convenience each picture has been numbered so that in sending in your replies refer to the picture and then the emotion; For instance, Picture 1, (emotion best expressed by picture 1); Picture 2, (emotion best expressed by picture 2) and so on until 8 pictures are listed. Only one emotion should be sent for each picture. You can however send in more than 1 complete list, but each list will be judged by itself. In other words we cannot allow a good title on 1 list to be credited to the other as that would not be fair to participants who send in only one list.

In addition send in a written statement of not more than fifty words why one of your titles best expresses the emotion in the picture corresponding to that title. Send in this description as to one picture only.

PRIZES are \$15.00 for best list and description, \$10.00 for second best; \$5.00 for third and \$1.00 each for the next five.

No member of the Frolics staff or employee or their families are eligible to participate. Contest to be judged by Frolics editorial staff.

WINNERS will be announced in the November issue.

Send in your answers to FROLICS PRIZE CONTEST EDITOR, c/o FROLICS MAGAZINE, Floral Park, New York.



(Wit apolocheese to H. W. Lungfollowe)
 Onder a spraddling chestnot tree
 A weelage smeeet he stends.
 De smeeet, a notty men is he,
 With lodge wit bunny hends,
 End de muzzles from his serunny omms
 Are strung like wit robber bends;
 Hees head is lung, wit very soft,
 Hees neck is dock from tan,
 End he looks de hole woild in de face,
 Wot he tinks he knows some pan.
 Wick in, wick out, from munn teel nite,
 You ken hear heem cuss wit swear.
 Each time he swings his heavy sledge,
 He'll always fen the air.
 End children playing hookey from school,
 Look een where its upen de door.
 Dey loaf to see the fuming forge,
 End hear heem rurr wit rurr.
 But he puts into use hees weekid foot,
 Wot makes dem sir wit sir.
 Rezzberries to dee my wormy friend,
 For de blessings dow didts geeve,
 Dou heart indeed a nobull men,
 How wit a head like yours you leeve.



AS YOU LIKE IT

The villain pursues her. Bang! Bang! The hero cleans his revolver. The villain's body cleans the pavement. That's melodrama.

The villain pursues him. Bang! Bang! The hero cleans his revolver. The hero's body cleans the pavement. That's tragedy.

The hero pursues him. Bang! Bang! The hero cleans his revolver. The villain's body cleans the pavement. The victor sings about it. That's opera.

The heroine pursues him. Bang! Bang! The heroine cleans her revolver. Both the villain and hero are stretched out on the pavement. That's comedy.

The cop pursues him. Bang! Bang! Bang! The cop misses. That's burlesque.



PROVERBS OF CELESTE

More waist less speed.

Don't bolt the boudoir door after the filly has bolted.

A bad check hates the bank.

Don't count your whiskers before they are scratched.

It's an ill wind that flutters no crepe de chine.

A bird in Chicago is worth two on Broadway.

All's well that ends swell.

FORLORN LOVE

I saw him again yesterday, riding past in a beautiful roadster. He was so close I could have reached out and touched him. He looked at me with those big, appealing, brown eyes, with a note of sadness in them, and it was all I could do to keep from speaking to him. Then the car moved on and soon he was nothing but a big bundle of fur. I could go mad with love of him; just the type I adore—big, raw-boned, roughly gentle. I realize it's hopeless, though, because I am only a poor co-ed and he is a millionaire's police dog.

WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE DOCTOR

1. When the baby falls out the third story window—if it is a "bouncing baby," run downstairs and catch it on the second bounce.

2. When rich uncle develops hay-fever—send him lots of flowers. They express sympathy beautifully, and besides, there is always the chance that he might cough himself to death.

3. When riding in the train, the pretty girl across the aisle gets a cinder in her eye—call the conductor. He's had lots of experience.

4. When the motion of the sea affects you—don't do anything. It will happen of itself.





"If you must take the ride, let this be your formula at all time, under all circumstances:

"Begin low.
Go slow.
Take fire.
Go higher.
Be self-possessed—
When most impressed."

CORNISH MIXTURE

Coach—Smoking, hey?
Fullback—No, Tobacco.

Paul—Where did you get that dimple in your chin.

Pauline—That's where the angel kissed me.

Paul—The devil you say!

UPPER CLASS

Fresh—What's that mark over your ear?

Frosh—That's the berthmark.

Fresh—How's that?

Frosh—Looked in the wrong berth.

SONG OF THE SIREN

"I didn't raise my shades to be a spectacle."

TAKING UP ROOM

Prof.—Young man, leave the room.

Stude (who worked as bell hop in Summer)—Where'll I leave it, sir?

ALL IN

Cannibal Prince (rushing in)—Am I too late for dinner?
Cannibal King—Yep, everybody's eaten.

COLORFUL COURSHIP

"We ought not to have let Bill get away from us."

"Why?"

"Well, he's color blind, and is over there flirting with a colored washwoman."

If hoarded gold possessed the power

To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,

And purchase from the hand of Death

A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!

And every hour should swell my store.



DEFINITIONS

A cabaret is a place where you pay the check girl what you would ordinarily give the head waiter; where you tip the head waiter what you ordinarily would pay as cover charge; where you pay as cover charge what you would ordinarily leave as a tip; where you leave as a tip what you would ordinarily pay for the whole meal, and where you pay for the whole meal what you get as a month's allowance.

FORGET IT

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

LIFE IS VAIN

Ah, life is brief!
Love's little stay;
A dream; a grief;
And then—Good-day!

Ah, life is vain—
A little light—
A little pain—
And then—Good-night!





De Mirlan Studio

CATHERINE GALLIMORE and JAN OYRA, in "NIGHT IN PARIS"



King Arthur

Those who sigh for the days of knighthood and dream of romance and chivalry are due to an awakening as to true conditions of time of romance.

It befell in the days of Uther Pendragon, when he was king of all England, and he reigned, that there was a mighty Duke in Cornwall that held war against him long time.

And the Duke was called the Duke of Tintagil. And so by means King Uther sent for this Duke, charging him to bring his wife with him, for she was called a fair lady, and a passing wise, and her name was called Igraine. So when the Duke and his wife were come unto the King, by the means of great lords they were accorded both: the King liked and loved this lady well, and he made them great cheer out of measure and desired to have lain by her. But she was a passing good woman, and would not assent unto the King. And then she told the Duke her husband, and said, I suppose that we were sent for that I should be dishonored, wherefore, husband, I counsel you, that we depart from hence suddenly, that we may ride all night unto our castle. And in likewise as she said so they departed, that neither the king nor none of his council were ware of their departing.

All so soon as King Uther knew of their departing so suddenly, he was wonderly wrought. Then he called to him his privy council, and told them

of the sudden departing of the Duke and his wife. Then they asked the king to send for the Duke and his wife by a great charge; and if he will not come at your summons, then may ye do your best, then have ye cause to make mighty war upon him. So that was done, and the messengers had their answers, and that was this shortly, that neither he nor his wife would not come at him. Then was the king wonderly wrought. And then the king sent him plain word again, and bade him be ready and stuff him and garnish him, for within forty days he would fetch him out of the biggest castle that he had.

When the Duke had this warning, anon he went and furnished and garnished two strong castles of his, of the which the one hight Tintagil, and the other hight Terrabil. So his wife Dame Igraine he put in the Castle of Tintagil and himself he put in the Castle of Terrabil, the which had many issues and posterns out. Then in all haste came Uther with a great host, and laid a siege abo ut the Castle of Terrabil and there he built many pavillions, and there was great war made on both parties and much people slain. Then for pure anger and for great love of fair Igraine the King Uther fell sick. So came to the King Uther, Sir Ulfius, a noble knight, and asked the king why he was sick. I shall tell thee, said the King, I am sick for anger and for the love of fair Igraine that I may not be hool. Well my lord, said Sir Ulfius, I shall seek Merlin and he shall do you remedy, that your heart shall be pleased.

So Ulfius departed, and by adventure he met Merlin in a beggar's array, and then Merlin asked Ulfius, whom he sought. And he said he had little ado to tell him. Well said Merlin, I knew whom thou seekest, for thou seekest Merlin; therefore seek no farther for I am he, and if King Uther will well reward me and be sworn to me to fulfill my desire, that shall be his honour and profit more than mine for I shall cause him to have all his desire. And all this will I undertake, said Ulfius, that there shall be nothing reasonable but thou shalt have thy desire. Well, said Merlin, he shall have his entente and desire. And therefore said Merlin, ride on your way, for I will not be long behind.

Then Ulfius was glad and rode on more than a paas till that he came to King Uther Pendragon, and told him he had met with Merlin. Where is he? said the King. Sir, said Ulfius, he will not dwell long; therewithal Ulfius was ware where Merlin stood at the porch of the pavillion's door. And then Merlin was bound to come to the King. When King Uther saw him, he said he was welcome. Sir, said Merlin, I know all your heart, every deal; so ye will be sworn unto me as ye be a true king appointed, to fulfill my desire, ye shall have your desire. Then the king was sworn upon the four evangelists. Sir, said Merlin, this is my desire: the first night that ye shall lie by Igraine ye shall get a child on her, and when that is born, that it shall be delivered to me for

to nourish there as I will have it; for it shall be your worship, and the child's avail as mickle as the child is worth. I will well, said the King, as thou wilt have it.

Now make you ready, said Merlin, this night ye shall lie with Igraine in the Castle of Tintagil, and ye shall be like the Duke, her husband, Ulfius shall be like Sir Brastius, a knight of the Duke's, and I will be like a Knight that hight Sir Jordans, a knight of the Duke's. But wayte ye make not many questions with her nor her men, but say ye are diseased, and so hie you to bed, and rise not on the morn till I come to you, for the castle of Tintagil is but ten miles hence; so this was done as they devised.

But the Duke of Tintigal espied how the King rode from the siege of Terrabil, and therefore that night he issued out of the castle from a postern to distress the King's hosts. And, so, through his own issue, the Duke himself was slain or ever the King came to the Castle of Tintagil. So after the death of the Duke, King Uther lay with Igraine more than three hours after his death, and begat on her that night Arthur, and on day came Merlin to the King, and bade him make him ready, and so he kissed the lady Igraine and departed in all haste. But when the lady heard tell of the Duke her husband, and by all record he was dead or ever King Uther came to her; then she marvelled who that might be that lay with her in likeness of her lord; so she mourned privily and held her peace. Then all the Barons by one assent prayed the King of accord betwixt the lady Igraine and himself. The King gave them leave for fain would he be of accord with her.

So the King put all the trust in Ulfius for to entreat between them, so by the entreaty at last the King and she met together. Now will we do well, said Ulfius, our King is a lusty knight and wifeless, and my lady Igraine is a passing fair lady; it were greatly joy unto us all, an it might please the King to make her his queen. Unto that they all well accorded and moved it to the King.

And anon like a lusty knight he assented thereto with a right good will, and so in all haste they were married in a morning with great mirth and joy.



HER NIGHT LIFE

Midnight was approaching and Mary began to prepare for the event. She quickly divested herself of her plain, undecorative house dress and cast a dissatisfied look at her unmentionables. "No," she murmured, "I can't very well wear these to-night." She slipped off the rest of her rather ordinary attire and got into an exquisite little gown, just too cute for words, that fitted the occasion splendidly. Then, hastening to her mirror, she spent precious time at her toilette. Cold cream, lemon, ice and mud-pack all followed each other in quick succession. Finally, with fingers deft from long practice she gave her hair a last brush, her complexion a farewell adjustment, turned off the light—and clambered into bed.

• • •

IN THE MOVIES

The hero came out of a fierce fight. He had knocked out six men. The six had pistols, knives, machine guns and small artillery. He had only his bare fists. After he quickly licked the six, he dived into the water, swam across a mile lake, ran through a forest fire, busted into a house, knocked out three guards.

He dashed back through the forest fire. Ran across a decrepit bridge. Fell through the bridge with the fainted girl in his arms. Swam back a mile, still carrying the woman, and galloped to a doctor fourteen miles away.

Breaks down, panting, weary, shirt clean and hair still parted!



WHAT, OR RATHER HOW MUCH, IS IN A NAME?

A young salesman was called to the office of his boss nine months after he had spent two weeks' vacation in the company of an attractive woman in Atlantic City. He had left with her one of his Boss' cards instead of his own. Rather apprehensively he approached the "old man."

"Did you spend some time with a woman in Atlantic City on your vacation?" demanded the boss.

"Er—yes, sir."

"Did you dare to use my name?" the boss thundered.

The young man, knowing his goose was cooked, finally acknowledged his guilt.

"Well," continued his superior, "you certainly must have treated her very nicely. She just died and left me a million dollars."

SLIGHT ERROR

Mr. Goldberg—Did you know that Sam made \$50,000 in Chicago in a week?

Mr. Cohen—I don't believe it.

Goldberg (calling over his friend Wolf)—Isn't it true that Sam made \$50,000 in Chicago last week?

Wolf—Sure it's true, but it's wrong in four places; it wasn't Chicago, it was Toledo. It wasn't a week, it was a year. It wasn't \$50,000, it was \$5,000, and he didn't make it, he lost it.

COMPACT: An article signed on the Mayflower. Also for restoring the skin you love to touch.

WILD WHIMS OF WOMEN

I call my girl my dove because she's pigeon-toed.

You never can tell about a woman, and besides, a gentleman doesn't.

Women like men. Men like women. Women, like men, like a good time.

Attentions—things often mistaken by flappers for intentions.

It is far easier for a girl to love a man and get children than for her to love children and get a man.

The modern newspaper has to date given away more brides than we can attribute to any other one source.

OUR DICTIONARY

TO PET: Being kind to dumb animals and dumb animals being kind to each other.

HOME: A vacant place where the postman leaves mail. A plate ball players use.

NECK: A collar rack. A device for spending an evening.

ENGAGEMENT: A military skirmish. Period before the real battle.

FORWARD: Ahead. What a girl thinks a fellow is when he doesn't stop with saying "good night".

HOSE: Rubber filled with water. Silk filled with charm.



PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE, in "THE SKYROCKET" her latest Picture



Yesterday

THAT'S ALL

"Did her former husband leave her much?"
"Constantly."

REACTION

"Well, learning to ride that horse of yours?"
"Oh, I say, rather. I've learned to bump him now, 'stead of him bumping me."

NEEDS A BRACER

She—What makes you so slouchy; why don't you stand up straight like a man?

He—I can't.

She—Why not?

He—My suspenders are broken.

WHERE THEY GOT OFF

The long, gray roadster stopped at the Smythe's door and the fair damsel stepped out.

"I guess the joke's on you," she said shifting her gum. "I'm not Miss Smythe, I'm her maid."

"Quite all right," replied the young man. "I don't own this car—I'm the chauffeur."

AN AUTOPSY

"The Last Days of Pompeii. Wonder what he died of?"

"Didn't you hear about it? It was some kind of an eruption."

FAST ONE

"What line did you take to Europe last Summer?"

"The same one that I use around school here."

HI FINANCE

"I'll sell you the Brooklyn Bridge for five," said the slick, sharp-faced gentleman.

"Naw," answered the hick, "I reckon I'll want that 'ere Woolworth Buildin', stranger. How much kin ya take for it?"

"That'll cost you ten. Now, if you're looking for something good, here's the Aquarium you can get cheap."

"Reckon I'll take it."

He took the postal card from the rack and handed the clerk a dime.

Place: ANY HAT STORE.

Customer—I'd like to get a nice hat for about two-fifty.

Clerk—So would I. I'd clean up.

Cust.—What is it you said? I'm a trifle deaf.

Clerk—We've got just the thing you want. Try this one.

Cust.—I don't think I look very good in this.

Clerk—Don't blame the hat. The only thing that would look good on that face is a mask.

Cust.—What's that?

Clerk—I think it makes you look just like Dolphin Balletino from the back.

Cust.—Do you really think so?

Clerk—Yeah, he always needs a haircut, too.

Cust.—I don't think I like it anyhow.

Clerk—Well, take your time, you're the one they're going to laugh at.

(Lapse of three hours and fifty-four minutes, during which the customer tries on three hundred and seventy-five hats.)

Cust.—I think I like this felt best. They're not wearing so many straws any more, and—well, I'll be darned if this isn't my old hat.

(A shot rings out. The policeman who rushes in, after a few hours, finds the clerk leaning down at the corpse.)

An optimist is the man who still carries a corkscrew on his key-ring.



Today

GENTLE HINTS FOR HARD-HEARTED
MOTORISTS

Always strike a match when trying to see if there is any gas in the tank. It will save you a lot of time in finding out.

For quicker evaporation forget to put the cap on the gas tank.

Unhook your fan belt so that it won't draw up the little insects in your radiator.

Forget to fill your tank with gas, then you'll surely know what's wrong when you stall.

Make the mixture stronger. It will give more power to the machine.

Don't invest in tire chains. The noise is very irritating. And then skidding cuts down on the use of gasoline.

See that your bumpers are given a daily workout so that they won't rust.

Don't put too much air in the tires. You won't know when you've hit a bump.

Put as many people in your machine as possible so as to exercise the springs.

Don't use the lights, as this will save the battery.

*No race is over till the last
yard's run,*

*No game is ever lost until it's
won.*

*A fire is never dead
While the ashes are still red,
Nor the sun set in the skies
Until the day is done.*

A good many girls who paint
draw men.

TO AVOID CATCHING A
COLD

"Can you imagine anyone going
to bed with their shoes on?"

"Who does that?"

"My horse."

ANTI-DIVORCE MENU —

Breakfast

Cuss-words on Toast

Luncheon

Jealousy Salad

Suspicion au gratin

Dinner

Steak Smothered

with Sarcasm

Irony en Casserole

Imagination

Coffee

Come hum a dirge for Angus
Sprat

And walk behind him slow;
A cyclone knocked poor Angus
flat.

He couldn't stand the blow.

LIKE HALITOSIS

At last she whispered to Tarkington, the famous author. "It's Mr. Chaucer they're talking about? Is he such poor society?"

"Madam," responded Tarkington, "that man did something that forever shuts him out of society."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lady, "and what was that?"

"He died several hundred years ago."

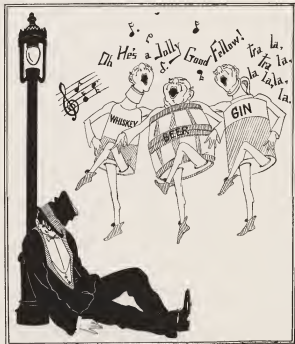
WISDOM

Two bucks, on leave to Paris, were improving the fleeting hour by a tour of the museums. In one of the Egyptian rooms they stood in awe before a mummy, over which hung a card inscribed: "B. C. 1006."

"Watcher s'pose that means, Bill?" asked one much mystified. The other was reluctant to confess ignorance.

"Oh, that," he replied airily. "That's the number of the auto that killed him."

Them Were The Days





George—Here is the old gag about the deaf mute who fell down the well and wore out three fingers yelling for help.

Georgiana—Oh, don't be a sill! How could anyone hear him.

* * *

An amateur boxer went on one night at the New York Athletic Club to show his stuff. In the first round his opponent stepped buoyantly from his corner, walked over and piled up a barrage of socks, uppercuts and hooks that was more than aplenty. From the first tap of the gong a rain of punches fell on the plastic face of the newcomer. He never really got his eyes open long enough to come back. Just before the merciful music of the bell sounded, that is to say, at the height of the onslaught, Tom Lewis, the actor, cupped his hands and megaphoned the brilliant advice to the slaughtered one:

"Ignore him, kid, ignore him!"

* * *

A BOOST FOR FATHER

"As I gaze into your intelligent and radiant faces, I cannot forget that I had a father. If it had not been for my father, I would not be here today.

"It is like painting the lily to eulogize man—that broncho of social convention that women have attempted to corral since the Garden of Eden.

"Gentlemen, I speak of another influence of the masculine species—I have a husband. I could not

be married without acquiring a husband—and a father-in-law.

"Gentlemen, womanhood is thrilled with the way you face the cruel world, taking liberties and chances that only a man can appreciate."

THE CORE OF IT ALL

Necking can be linked up with the original sin—Adam's apple.

* * *

TENSE MOMENT

It was dark and stormy. The night, whipped by the wind, the trees formed fantastic and intangible shadows which struck terror to the heart of the poor girl who bewildered, staggered along, scarce knowing which way to turn. She seemed to see dreadful things prepared to spring at her in the darkness. What was that? Behind her, like a panther, a man slunk along. Light would have revealed him to be dark and swarthy, with a ferocious bushy mustache, but in the dark his appearance seemed even more formidable. His intended victim went on her way unconscious of this impending danger. He drew closer and lifted a black bag, which he evidently meant to drop over her head as—

"Look behind you!" shrieked a child in the audience.

* * *

Why He Worked Overtime





De Mirjan Studio

ONE OF THE ZULU GIRLS IN "NIGHT IN PARIS"



Raking It In

Broadways Slant on Marriage

ALIMONY is nothing but an endowment form of sucker insurance. Along Broadway, ladies prefer Dons.

Most actors love to have a wife and kiddies—in the audience.

Love may be blind elsewhere, but on Broadway you must admit, he's cococo.

Eddie Foy holds the record for having contributed more to the stage than any living actor.

The bonds of matrimony are not listed on Broadway's exchanges.

Ziegfeld girls generally marry for love or a good home, although a few have been swayed by a high rating.

Marriages among the actor folk are rarely successful, due to each insisting upon the leading part, the star dressing room and time off for bad behavior.

Almost any actress will confess that she is crazy about children, and the next minute she admits she'd be crazy to have any.

The revue exponents of art, spelt with a capital N, hold out nothing on their future husbands.

Texas Guinan, after a butter and egg diet, is ready to try a Frey.

There are many happily married teams in vaudeville, but even the N. V. A. admit Variety to be the spite of life.

TRADE REVIEW

Undertakers are doing a dead business with things looking black.

Bottling companies, to the contrary, report a corking business.

Bootleggers report unfair competition by varnish makers. Naturally they are kicking.

Tailors report pessimism inasmuch as business is pressing with the market all sewed up.

Police are looking for the leather dealers who are now in hiding as a result of the disclosure of their skin game.

Shoe dealers are on their uppers, hence preachers give up trying to save their soles.

New Haven reports the purchase of another locomotive, making a 100 per cent increase in the total of new engines.

Granite dealers are preserving stony silence regarding the strike situation. Laborers are still blasting for more.

The price per carat of coal has gone ahead.

The flower business has a rosy outlook.

BUGHOUSE AESOP

Once there was a Nice Girl who went Out Riding with a Boy. Their names are Not Important, as you probably would Not Remember them, anyway. He took the nice Girl out of Town. Suddenly the Automobile stopped. The Boy said, "There is something wrong with the Engine." So he got out and Fixed it, got back in and drove Back to Town.

Moral: Never go riding with a Mechanic.

"She asked me for Lincoln's Gettysburg address 'n' I had to tell her he never lived there. O! Ya shoulda heard the class laugh then."

* * *

"Boy," volunteered the card shark, "remember one thing: Four aces is good when you got 'em, provided you play 'em. And after you play 'em they're through bein' good. Then you got to get four more, which you don't most generally do. If I was you I wouldn't try."



PRISONER'S SONG

(Warbling sweetly to the tune of "Always")

I was going wrong
I was going strong
And I felt so gay
For the longest while
I could steal a pile
And get away,
But one day a big dick passed
And now they've got me at last.

Chorus

I'll be in the jug
ALWAYS!
Snugger than a bug,
ALWAYS!
When you're rifling rooms
I'll be in the Tombs
Making pretty brooms,
ALWAYS!
When you're picking locks
ALWAYS!
I'll be picking rocks
ALWAYS!
Not for just an hour,
Not for just a day,
Not for just a year,
But ALWAYS!



NEEDED INVENTIONS

A berry box which will prevent all the best berries from staying at the top.

A telephone ring that will tell us who is on the other end of the wire before we answer it.

A golf ball with a gramophone attachment that will sing out, "Here I am."

An adjustable ring that will fit the usual number of girls you become engaged to during the Summer.

An angler's scales which will corroborate the fisherman's story.

A piano that will sound the same to the girl playing it as it does to the neighbors.



THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Time—9:30 P. M.

Voice—Hello! Is that you, Phyllis?

Ditto—Yes, who's that?

Voice—This is Jimmy. Say Phyl, will you go to the dance with me this evening?

Ditto—At this hour? Why didn't you ask me sooner?

Voice—Well, you see, I asked ten other girls and they turned me down—

Ditto—That's too bad, Jimmy—why sure, I'll go.



A SCENE FROM "GREAT TEMPTATIONS"



WHAT?

"Jack is the craziest man I've ever met."

"What's the matter with him?"

"After I told him that mother wouldn't allow me to kiss, he went to mother."

"What did she say?"

"She certainly gave it to him."

TAHITI MODESTY

Said a pious divine from Tahiti, "The needs of our island are miti;

The women, though blameless,

Appear to be shameless—
They seldom wear more than a niti!"

NOTHING'S EVER WASTED, FOLKS!

Those hair ribbons of yesteryear

From cobwebbed attics reappear,

They've found a use for 'em and that's

To doll up this year's men's straw hats!

SPEED

Motorcycle Cop—I just stopped you to get your number.

Girl in Roadster—You State men sure do work fast. I just

gave it to a chap twenty miles down the road, but in case he didn't tell you, it is 123-R. Call me up sometime.

GREAT MINDS

She—What are you thinking about?

He—Just what you're thinking about.

She—If you do, I'll scream.

HIS HANDICAP

Mrs. Sambo—Sambo! Sambo! Wake up!

Sambo—I can't.

Mrs. Sambo—Why can't you?

Sambo—I ain't asleep.

ACCOMMODATING

Pretty Co-Ed—I want a pair of bloomers I can wear around my gymnasium.

Clerk (absently)—Yes, madam. What size is your gymnasium?

ANOTHER VICIOUS CIRCLE

"Advertising," said the ad writer, "is for me nothing but perpetual motion. I write them and get paid for writing them, my wife reads them, and then I pay for them."

SIT UP—TAKE NOTICE

An Usher (in movie)—Where do you wish to sit, up front, halfway or in the back?

Another—If you please, sir, I'd like to sit down.

FULL O' PEP

Co—I like a highly-seasoned man.

Edna—What do you mean "highly-seasoned" man?

Co—I like him hot-headed and warm-hearted with smoldering eyes, burning lips and flaming love.



SILENCED

"What did you give your loud-mouthed sweetie for his birthday?"

"I gave him a muffler."



SOME GOOD ADVICE

*Married life is sure no cinch,
With its headaches and its troubles,
You can't go out or have no fun,
'Cause now your life is double.*

*When hubby goes off to the club,
Wifey goes to mother.
Now, that's just where the trouble starts—
They both want to boss each other.*

*The making up is terrible
When wifey starts to cry
But everything is settled
When hubby starts to lie.*

*And now he's promised to be good,
And everything's all right.
And now they promised not to quarrel,
And they won't—till tomorrow night.*

*Married life is sure no cinch,
And it always is the man.
And now I'll give you good advice,
Stay single if you can.*

ANNALIER

Teacher—Give a sentence with the word "analyze."

Feller—My sister Anna says she never necks, but oh, how Anna lies.

*Flivver, flivver, little car,
All the world knows what you are;
Shiverinn as though you're cold—
Lizzie, you are growing old.*

*A director of slow motion
pitchers
Tried shooting some pipe-laying
ditchers;
When flashed on the screen,
The harrowing scene
Showed only the seats of their
britches.*

Just what is meant by this word "HELL"? They say sometimes it's cold as "HELL." Sometimes they say it's hot as "HELL." When it rains hard it's "HELL" they say. It's also "HELL" when it's dry. They hate like "HELL" to see it snow. It's a "HELL" of a wind when it starts to blow. And how in "HELL" can any one tell What in "HELL" they mean by the word "HELL"?

This married life is "HELL" they say. When they come home late it's "HELL" to pay. It's "HELL" when the kid you have to tote, When he starts to bawl it's a "HELL" of a noise. It's "HELL" when the doctor sends his bill, It's a "HELL" of a lot of trips and pills. When you get this you'll know real well Just what is meant by this word "HELL." "HE'L" yes, "HELL" no, and Oh "HELL," too, The "HELL" you do and the "HELL" you don't, And what in "HELL" and the "HELL" it is, The "HELL" with yours and the "HELL" with his.

Now who in the "HELL" and Oh "HELL" where, And what in "HELL" do you think I care? But the "HELL" of it is, it sure is "HELL," We don't know what in the "HELL" "HELL" is.

WANTED ALL THERE WAS

An aimless young woman stepped into a bank the other day and handed a check to the cashier, with the request that he cash it.

"This check, madam, isn't filled out," said the cashier.

"Isn't what?" said the young woman.

"It has your husband's name signed to it," explained the cashier, "but it does not state how much money you want."

"Oh, is that all?" was the reply. "Well, I'll take all there is, please."



Sliding Out



SWIG BUSINESS

I called on a Captain of Industry last week. His stenographer giggled and led me into a corner by the buttonholes.

"Mr. Butterneg can't see anyone to-day. He's expecting his bootlegger," she explained confidentially.

When I dropped in yesterday she was anxious and a little frightened.

"Sh!" she whispered. "He can't see anyone just now. His bootlegger just went into the office."

This morning when I came back she was crying on a green blotter with a fancy border. Her face was wet with tears.

"You'll have to come again," she sobbed. "Poor Mr. Butterneg can't see anyone to-day. His bootlegger brought him some stuff yesterday."

* * *

Highfalutin' lowbrows under gobs of paint. Pretendin' like they is, when they darn well know they ain't.

Lots of highbrow lowbrows, I'm 'tollah' you a fac'. Too many pop-eyed pots a-callin' bow-legged kittles black.

* * *

"My advice," suggested brother Paul, "is that Frank get himself a piece of canvas, write something on it and then paint something over what he has written. If the writing shows through he is a writer. If not—well let him take up the study of art."

"And begin," said brother Claxton, "by painting the barn."

Frank became a professional press agent, which after all is said and done places him in the Royal Academy of Whitewashers.

* * *

GIVES HIM A PANE

He—Every time I gaze into those eyes of crystal—

She—Eyes of crystal—yes, yes, go on.

He—They give me a glassy stare.

MOTHER'S MISTAKE

After Mrs. Blank had sent the twins to bed, she heard them giggling.

She went upstairs to find out what the joke was and in answer to her perplexed question, Edith, one of the twins, replied:

"Tonight, you gave me two baths and Alice didn't get any."

* * *

NO ONE BUT MAMMA!

"Papa," she said. "when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid?'"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse ain't you 'fraid?'"

"No, of course."

"When you see a dog ain't you 'fraid?'"

"No!"—with emphasis.

"When you see a bumblebee ain't you 'fraid?'"

"No!"—with scorn.

"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?'"

"No!"—with loud laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child."

"Papa," said Evelyn solemnly. "Ain't you 'fraid of nothin' in the world but mamma?'"



THE SEAT OF THEIR LOVE

Curse them! Why didn't the men let her alone? Once, when she was young and beautiful, they had all sought for her, fought for her. They were always gathering around her, seeking her indifferent embrace. Many had found comfort in the yielding of her soft curves. But now that she was old, they knocked the stuffing out of her.



SYLVIA NEIRICK in "PASSION OF 1926"

De Mofjan Studio

METROPOLITAN NIGHT-LIFE

By WIDE PANTS WILLIE

FOR ages I have heard of wicked night life of Broadway, and longed to see. To-night heart beating violently, knees a little shaky, pale faced at what I am going to behold, but determined to do or die, flag nailed to the mast I go forth a Crusader in the vice haunts of underworld, the naughty night club.

I enter one of the numerous palaces of iniquity and gaze cautiously about. Where are the beetle browed burglars, the slinking apaches, the pale faced hop fiends? Alas, Nothing more startling than an ordinary theatre crowd. Still shaky but unafraid, I start down the aisle when the Emperor of Elam in full uniform suddenly steps forward bows and escorts me to the nearest table. If this is not the Emperor he must be wearing the Emperor's clothes.

I glance at the menu and clutch my pocketbook. Shades of Jesse James. Poor Jesse what a piker he was. My nerves now used to shocks, so the cover charge merely makes me moody. After all palaces are expensive and this is a palace of sin.

Anyway the revue was good. Short snappy and scanty. This is an art revue. Difference between art and nudity being fact that art wears a two-inch girdle.

The Jazz band strikes up a tune and dancing begins. What a display of feminine backs and shoulders. That smooth face boy is familiar. Suddenly I remember I saw his picture in connection with a notorious hold up. Perhaps this is a haunt of the underworld. Only today the crook wears a tuxedo, slicks down his hair and dances gracefully.

The waiter puts down a glass—ginger ale—out come the pocket flasks. He frowns, not much profit in pocket flasks for the house. A heavy set man slouches over, "waddy got, Buddy"? The manager rushes over, a badge is flashed. They move to the office. The heavy set man leaves smiling and fingering a heavy roll of bills in his pocket.

A beautiful Blond passes, she nods, I glance cautiously around. No one knows me here, I nod back this is adventure. She sits down at the table

and nonchalantly lights a cigarette, I am a bashful man so what am I supposed to do next. The waiter comes over. Two bottles of wine... The wine arrives—so does the check, Twenty dollars a bottle, I gulp a drink when I get the check. What a kick, I am emboldened. I take her hand, great Icebergs what a chill. Is this baby hard boiled? Is she? Her hand felt like a clammy mess of wet fish, and that look??? Where is the exit. But stay the iceberg is melting, she is becoming human "Little Boy" she says, "I didn't think you had the spunk".

I order more liquor, poor simp, how should I know this dame gets a commission on every bottle.

The evening passes. I sling a heavy hoof, but we dance and I notice envious eyes following and am proud. After all the primrose path is not so bad.

I order more drinks—hot stuff who's afraid, I ask her to leave with me—we go—a taxi—she knows a place—Here we are—Great heaven's another night club. That's where all the poor boobos land. This is the end of vices trail.

Suddenly there is a fusillade of shots, lights go out a rush to the doors. Some one bumps against me, I clutch a coat. A flash of a gun besides me and I duck and let go and crouch beneath the table. Another shot—The cops—Here they come. My arm is taken, it is a woman, my friend from the night club, she shouts above the din, "this way Buddie—the bootleggers are shooting each other up, Don't you understand this is a gang fight". I follow. Thank heaven it's a fire escape, I rush down into the cool night air. The girl is gone, A uniformed figure suddenly looms up in front of me. "Whaddye doing here" I mumble, "it is a policeman." He takes me out toward the light, A police inspector is there, he looks me over and shakes his head, "dont need him" he says. The policeman points down the road, "Beat it" he commands and I beat it.

Well the girl is gone, so is my bank roll, must telegraph home "Unexpected expense" and I have for momentos of my visit only a parched throat and a confused memory.....

WASTED EFFORT

A Scotchman was found dead in front of a one-cent punching machine. The coroner found that death had been caused by over-exertion.

Investigation disclosed a sign reading: "Your penny returned if you hit hard enough."

GO-GETTERS HOLIDAY

(Tune "I Love My Baby")
(Chorus)

We love go-getters
Go-getters love us
No fiscal fetters
Our feelings can fuss.
It makes us happy
When business is stiff
To float bond issues
When, as and if—
We like to barter,
Sell, borrow or plan
And if we're Babbitts,
Then so's your old man,
So, in conclusion
We're warb-bul-ing thus,
We love go-getters,
Go-getters love us.

SPEAK UP

She—Everything I say, goes.
He—Well, come in my garage
and say Ford.

OUT!

"I don't see them wearing patent-leather shoes any more."
"No, the patent must have expired."



ASK HER WHAT?

Pat—Give me a sentence with the word "Asteroid."
Mike—If I asteroid get slapped.

The ads that once we used to know

Of Bacchus' fountain free,
Are now, alas, no more, and oh,
The difference to me!

STREET CAR LINES TO A
FAIR LADY

Fair Lady,
Like a rose of fragrance rare
You seem to me. I look at you
with awe,
A sweeter maid than you I
never saw.
You are, indeed, the fairest of
the fair.
I'air Lady,
How I love your golden hair!
What pretty eyes you have of
azure blue!
And what inviting lips of cher-
ry hue!
Would that to kiss them I had
nerve to dare!

Fair Lady,
Though you do appeal to me
My head must rule my actions,
not my heart,
With this, my job, I do not wish
to part,
And so I cannot let you ride on
free,

Fare, Lady!

TICK-TOCK

Robert—Dad, this is a lousy watch I have.

Dad—Why, Robert, what do you mean by saying such a thing?

Robert—Well, it's full of ticks, isn't it?

OUTRAGEOUS LAW

*The Volstead Law
Distinctly clogs on us,
Our beer is raw,
Our whisky Poisonous,
And bootleg gin,
Such headaches follow it,
Oh! what a sin
To make us swallow it!*

"I see in the paper that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children."

"That was no marriage. That was a merger."

"So you're lost, little man? Why didn't you hang onto your mother's skirt!"

Youngster: "Couldn't reach it."



A DAY'S WORK

"My son, you should do some heavy work or take some physical exercise every day. What have you done today?"

"I have eaten a big, heavy meal, Father."

**YOU AUTO KNOW THIS**

"One bathing girl on the seat
is better than two on the wind-
shield."

FOOLISHMENT

An actress named Susie K. Lee,
Was happy as happy could be,
No playwright would have
her,

But all used to "salve" her
Until she just chortled in glee.

PRESSED HIS SUIT

Jack—I saw a magician do
the "Disappearing Valise" act
last night.

Bill—How did he do it?

Jack—I don't know, but he
took the bag out of my trousers.

SERVED HIM RIGHT

They picked up Johnny with a
map;

He would jump cars before
they'd stop.

EFFICIENCY

Ike—I have some very valu-
able papers here. Can you ad-
vise me concerning a safe place
for them?

Mike—Sure, put them in the
filing cabinet. Nobody can find
anything there.

THAT'S THE BULL

"Do you work here?"

"I should say not; I'm a dairy
maid in a candy factory."

"Quit your kidding—what do
you do?"

"Milk chocolates."

BARITONE SOLO: GENERAL BUTLER

The officer whose heart is pure
Will shun the lure of rum, I'm
sure,

And even let the mild Tokay go,
At least, while I'm in San Diego.

EXPENSIVE

Sign in elevator of a big de-
partment store: "If you buy
here you must save." We quick-
ly learned how true it was.

THE DEAR CHILD

Johnny's grandma lived with
the family, and it was her con-
stant complaint that the house
was too cold for her. All
Father's stoking efforts were
fruitless, so Johnny turned to
Heaven for aid.

"God bless Mamma and Papa,"
he prayed, "and make me a good
boy—and, oh, dear Lord, make
it hot for Grandma."

**GIVE ME THE FLOWERS
WHILE I AM LIVING**

When I shall quit this mortal
shore

And mosey 'round the earth no
more,

Don't weep, don't sigh, don't
sob,

I have struck a better job.

Don't tell folks I was a saint,
Or any old thing I ain't;

If you have dope like that to
spread,

Please hand it out before I'm
dead.

If you have roses, bless your
soul,

Just pin one in my buttonhole
Today, while I'm alive and well,

Wait till I'm safe in H—l.





LORA KAY, IN "NIGHT IN PARIS"

De Murrain Studio

The Great Grass Plot



MR. GARVEY and his horse may be seen transporting the precious grass to the park, where Mr. Garvey unrolls it carefully and spreads it out for the aesthetic delectation of the citizenry. Each blade is unwrapped from its protective covering of gauze, given a brisk rubdown and then placed in its allotted spot for the day.

Then as The Westering Sun—

During the day Mr. Garvey, on Man o' War, patrols the park incessantly, and woe betide the irreverent soul who dares insult a blade of that grass. Then, at the proper evening hour, Mr. Garvey steps quietly to the horizon, gives the sun a push as if to say "Make up your mind whether you want to set or not" and then returns to the Park to roll up the grass and replace it in the storehouse.

Yesterday Mr. Garvey was riding through the Park on Man o' War when he suddenly came upon Mrs. Sadie Krass *sitting on the Grass!*

Man o' War collapsed in a swoon. Mr. Garvey, trembling with rage, approached.

He tried to appear calm. He spoke with dignity and restraint.

"Mrs. Grass," he said, "You are on the krass." No, that didn't sound right. He tried again.

"Mrs. Krass," he declared, "You are on the grass."

"That's better," said Mrs. Krass, "That's much better."

"I said you were on the grass, Mrs. Krass," repeated Mr. Garvey, sternly.

"Now, how do you suppose *THAT* got out?" said Mrs. Krass.

Then followed one of those long, futile arguments that get nobody nowhere. Mr. Garvey's contention was that Mrs. Krass was on the grass. That was his story and he stuck to it. Mrs. Krass admitted this and waived immunity. She told Patrolman Garvey that that was what grass is for; to be sat on on humid days. Mrs. Krass made the point that there is too much coddling of grass in New York. Mr. Garvey pointed out that by sitting on the grass thus, Mrs. Krass was shutting out some five or six hundred blades of grass from the healthful effect of the sun's rays. In the meantime, Man o' War sat on the gravel, weeping copiously at the sight of the relentless Mrs. Krass, who was on the grass and who refused to get off.

Polite Little Service

So Patrolman Garvey gave Mrs. Krass a summons.

"It's just a little summons I made myself," he told her, "It isn't much, but I just wanted you to know that I hadn't forgotten."

"I think it's perfectly lovely," said Mrs. Krass, and she took the summons to Magistrate Simpson who, after considerable persuasion, finally allowed Mrs. Krass to pay a fine of \$5 for sitting on the grass.

The grass on which Mrs. Krass sat will recover, it was stated at Bellevue yesterday. One blade suffered a fractured tibia, and others were treated for shock and panic hysteria.



When Men Were Men

LOOK ELSEWHERE

Beggar (at back door)—I've lost my right leg.
Housewife—It's not here.

Another cock-eyed liar
Is Divorcee, Mazie May;
Six times to date she's promised to
Love, honor and obey.

FOOLISHMENT

I'm happy when I'm happy,
I'm sad indeed when sad,
From this you'll see
You've found in me
A freakish sort of lad.
Still, while I'm very "different,"
I'm not extremely so,
For when I'm glad,
I'm very glad,
And laugh, "He he, ho ho!"

NO BACKBONE

1928—Hi, Bill! Where've you been for a week back?
1929—Didn't go anywhere for it, but it's a darn weak one.

THE WANTON LADY

Gold-digger (already past the gold football stage)—Dearest, I'm told that a touchdown in football is valued above all other things. Is that true?

Goldmine (also plays football)—Yes, darling.

Gold-digger—Then if you really love me, why didn't you give me a touchdown instead of this little insignificant gold football?

A term of "distinction and respectability" is sought today

by some of the Broadway cabaret owners, who believe it is time to discard the title "night club." They intimate they will offer a prize for the best suggestion that indicates refinement and a home-like atmosphere. "Snuggery" was offered, but they rejected it as lacking. Home Brew seems to have the home touch, and the refinement consists of the process of brewing.

IN DARKNESS

Nine O'Clock—Bo, you is just plain ignorant.

Two A. M. — Cullud boy, whesh ignorance are bliss, you-ll am one orful blister.

TRAINING

"Joe is taking agriculture."
"What for?"
"He wants to know how to sow his wild oats when he goes to Paris next Summer."



A Retiring Maiden



When Men Are Actors

CURRENT HUMOR

Prisoner — Ha! Ha! Ha!
That's a hot one.
Visitor—What's so funny?
Prisoner—They're giving me the electric chair to-morrow, and I'm the wrong guy.

THE ORIGIN

Who said civilization is advancing? Do you know that we are going backward thousands of years? Do you know that when the mother went before Solomon to claim her child she was thousands of years ahead of any one then living? For is it not a fact that she said, "Yes, sir, that's my baby?"

SEASONAL DEPARTURE

"Aha, the trees are leaving, is it not so?"
"Yes, but how did you know?"
"Tis easy; I can see their trunks."

WHEN MINDS CLOUD

Drunk—Can't see a wink!
Drunker—Wha'sha matter?
Drunk—Got my eyshes closed.

PUT OUT

First—I was the light of my family.
Second—Yer—the light that failed.



Our Tabloid News by Lag

"Well," says Pop Knickerbocker jovially, "I see another murder was committed today—" "Gun, knife or rum," sourly said the Pessimist.

"Jewel robbery this time," says Pop, "and they caught the Master Mind too. Young kid of eighteen."

"Hum," said the pessimist, "What a bunch of strong minds when a boy of eighteen is the master. What does the paper say about him?"

"Pretty fast work this time. Arrested at 7:15 and the papers got him signed up to tell his life story at 8. Gonna do it serial with pictures of the old homestead and everything."

"A whole front page for only one man killed," says the Pessimist, "I remember last week they only put in two columns for a train wreck."

"Well, old Pessimist," replied Knickerbocker. "What's a train wreck. There's love interest here. This fellow's got curly hair and blue eyes. In fact they tell me a delegation from the ladies Prisoners' Aid is getting up a subscription for a few delicacies in prison."

"Oh, well, what's the use—But who is the good looker," and he pointed to a half page picture.

"You oughta know by this time," says Knickerbocker, "That's the kid's wife."

The Pessimist took another look and said, "Didn't I see that picture last week as an illustration to 'Beautiful Divorcee cries in Court'?"

"Nope," said Knickerbocker at another squint, "But I'll bet you it's the same one I saw in the tabloid as 'Distinguished Visitor cries with joy on seeing America.'"

"Bet you," said the Pessimist.

"You're on," said Knickerbocker and they looked up the back files of paper to find the picture with a title, "Brutal husband Beats Beautiful Bride."

When they came back they purchased another edition of the paper to learn the latest development.

"Were is it," said the Pessimist, "Hanged if I know," said Knickerbocker. "There's been two other murders committed since and they only give it about 2 lines on last page."

"Well everybody got publicity but the victim," ended the Pessimist optimistically.

NICKEL NO GOOD

A little girl walked into a confectionery at Pendleton, placed a nickel on the counter and called for an ice cream cone.

"Ice cream cones are 7 cents, little girl," the fazed clerk announced.

"Well, then gimme a soda pop."

"Six cents."

"Got any rootbeer?"

"Yep, 6 cents, too."

The little girl sighed disappointedly and started out leaving her nickel on the counter.

"Here, little girl, you're leaving your nickel," the clerk called to her.

"Oh, that's all right," the child shouted back.

"It's no good to me—it won't buy anything."

* * *

PERFECT BOY

My parents told me not to smoke—I don't—

Or listen to a naughty joke; I don't,—

They made it clear I must not wink

At pretty girls or even think

About intoxicating drink; I don't.

To dance or flirt is very wrong; I don't—

Wild youths chase women, wine, and song; I don't

I kiss no girls, not even one;

I do not know how it is done;

You wouldn't think I'd have much fun—I DON'T.

* * *

WHERE TO GET HELP IN A HURRY

Undertakers—Tombstone, Arizona

Painters—Vermillion, South Dakota

Labor leaders—Union City, Indiana

Bankers—Port Deposit, Maryland

Communist agitators—Libertyville, Illinois

Lovers—Spoonerville, Wisconsin

Robert Reidt—Prophetstown, Illinois

Mr. Volstead—Brewton, Alabama

"He may plaster down his hair but my shimmy'll raise it," said the Hula dancer.

Those who roll the eye usually eye the roll!

* * *

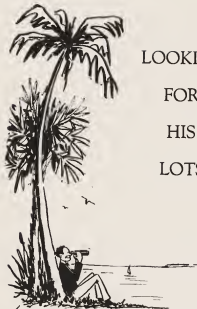
GANGWAY

GIRL will do anything reasonable for fare to California. Champa 1768.

Willie, get the towel, father's beard is in the soup again.



MARGARET QUIMBY, "UNIVERSAL PLAYER"



LOOKING FOR HIS LOTS

BULLETINS FROM A GREAT HISTORIC BATTLE

(A sham battle, fought by United States troops supposedly over historic ground to commemorate a famous Revolutionary war battle at White Plains, is alleged to have been really fought across a new real estate development as a part of a publicity campaign.—News item.)

11 A. M.

Began advance at 10 A. M. across choice home sites, supported by eight companies of artillery and eighty companies of real estate salesmen. My command took over 300 thirty foot lots at \$400 a lot (10 per cent. down at time of sale and the balance on mortgage.) Am bringing up marines to haggle for better terms.

Gen. Gullible.

NOON

Forced to renew advance by special orders from two vice-presidents of Real Estate Corporation, who expressed dissatisfaction with battle, alleging the army had not sold more than 20 per cent. of its quota of building lots on first assault. I called for fresh shock troops from Suburban Property section of Eighteenth Infantry and sent out scouts with orders to advance and establish contact with cash customers. Tanks followed directly and occupied four acres of California bungalow sites without interference. Have assigned four companies of engineers from Fort Slocum to lay out

new streets and distribute handbills calling attention to fact property is on high ground and has excellent drainage.

Gen. Gullible.

1 P. M.

I sent my command into action at zero hour, using real estate company's maps and carrying but forty-eight hours' supply of contract forms. First wave of attackers immediately caught up with advance guard of auctioneers, who borrowed Generals Blatz, Oggleshorpe and Schmalz to pass out campstools. Two platoons got too close to auctioneer without gas masks and were annihilated.

Col. Booster.

2 P. M.

Great activity suddenly broke out on extreme left. Upon ascertaining the cause I sent over Twenty-sixth Cavalry to conduct prospective buyers over sites for two family houses. Through some misunderstanding my artillery opened fire and shelled adjacent land. I received prompt message of thanks from company president for digging over 1,200 new cellars for Spanish mission style homes. I am now holding the line beginning with lot marked "SOLD" and extending as far as property marked "PROPOSED SITE OF COMMUNITY CLUB AND RECREATION CENTER."

THE NEW REAL ESTATE BOOM!

Salesman—Mr. Johnson, could I have a few minutes of your time, please? It's important—very. Now I have here a few remaining lots on North Pole Beach at \$8,000 each! Wait a minute—don't go! Don't miss this chance to buy a bit of paradise on the Eskimo Playground!

Prospect—I'm not interested! I don't want to freeze to death!

Salesman—Freeze? Don't be silly. Surely you know that the steam heated igloos are the warmest in the world! Why, climbing roses are growing all over the pole right now, by Amundsen! You don't know what you're missing! Now, if you'll just sign here—

Prospect—But the climate!

Salesman—Climate! Why, three Eskimos died of sunstroke yesterday, and two were overcome by the heat in the electric fan factory! You'll Cooke! Our motto is an Iceberg in Every Home! You'll enjoy yourself on the golf links of Nature's Wonderland! You'll love the perfume of the flowers and the twittering of the Byrds! Now sign here—thanks very much, Mr. Johnson.



Good Prospects



SCENTIMENTAL

He—Dear, your eyes are like deep pools of sparkling water; your lips are like two little red rosebuds wet with dew; your teeth are like the finest pearls nature ever made; but you have the darndest looking nose I ever saw on anything except an African antester.

WRESTLING

Wrestling is a gentle sport, a combination of the ancient pastime of Toss the Anvil. It originated long before it started, but did not become popular until some years later. The first rules are quite interesting, as there were none. About 1654 a society for the prevention of cruelty to bipeds was organized. This brought about quite a revolution in the game, and certain holds were barred, among these were the Padd Lock, the Indian Grip and the Wrist Slap. An explanation of one of these terrible holds will suffice to show their terrible cruelty. For instance, the Padd Lock, so-called because the key was hard to find. This hold was gained by wrapping either arm about the opponent's chest three times, then placing his left arm in his right eye, while the right foot found lodging in the cap of the opponent's right knee. The other was used to subdue any of the playmate's parts that might have a tendency to move. The game has become gentle now, and only two or three bones are crushed at a time.

Down by the Gulf by the old Rio Grande,
The gay caballero's the Mexican dandy
If a sweet senorita sports legs that are bandy,
He insists that she must have her castinets handy
To make a jamaica, fiesta or ball.
For he knows none of those that knock kneed
them all.

THE FLU

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred,
And your skin bones knock and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,
And you're doggone sure you're going to die,
And you're skeered you won't and afraid you will,
Just drag to bed and have your chill,
And pray the Lord to see you thru,
For you've got the Flu, boy, you've got the Flu.

What is it like, this Spanish Flu?
Ask me, brother, for I've been thru.
It is by misery, out of despair;
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair;
It thins your blood and breaks your bones,
And fills your frame with moans and groans.
And sometimes, maybe, you get well.
Some call it Flu—I call it Hell.

Taking Mr. Booth Tarkington's tip that in fifty years women won't wear skirts, thousands of manufacturers are selling them short.

He—Why did they hang that picture?
She—Perhaps they couldn't find the artist.

Nit (looking at Niagara from below)—Howdja like to have that fall on ya?
Wit—Couldn't do any harm—it's only a drop of water.



'Alph—Tell me what you think of me.
Ralph—I can't put it in words.
'Alph—Oh, you insulting thing!



SUCKER



HE beautiful chorus girl was quite fond of the sot unbeautiful charus boy. She often invited him to her apartment for dinner or supper after the show—for she was a nice girl and she knew he could not afford to take her to Montmartre on his salary. In fact, it took all of his salary to keep him in neckties and talcum powder.

"However, the attractive chorus boy was not the young woman's only admirer," he continued. "She knew several Bracelet Buyers and Heavy Sugar Babies who occasionally forced expensive luncheons on her and not infrequently brought her gifts of orchids and expensive looking jewelry when they called.

"The scene now changes to a cold, snowy night in the winter of 1925—and twenty-six," said my host, after a dramatic pause that enabled us to empty our glasses. "The attractive but poor young chorus lad was calling on the attractive young chorus girl when the door bell rang.

"My Heavy Sugar Baby from Pittsburgh!" explained the young woman. "I had forgotten that he was coming to call this evening."

"I might add, that the apartment occupied by this young lady was rather small. There was no other door by which her first visitor might leave without encountering the newcomer. But as the chorus boy knew the proper etiquette under such circumstances he very properly opened the window and stepped out on the fire-escape, where his

hostess told him to wait until the Heavy Sugar Baby took his departure. A moment later she opened the door and admitted the new arrival.

"The Heavy Sugar Baby was made up for the part. He wore a silk hat and a fur coat, both of which he removed. After giving the young lady a chaste kiss he explained that he just dropped in to say hello and to bring her a little present. He produced a huge silver flask, from which he poured a drink of Scotch for her as well as for himself and after they had quaffed of their highballs he produced a beautiful diamond bracelet, which he slipped on her not unwilling arm.

"In performing this rite he kissed her twice—once on the hand and again on the arm, when the service stripe was in place. And then he poured out another drink from his flask, explaining that as he had an important business conference early the following morning he would have to take his departure. The gay receiver of the bracelet held his fur coat for him, remarked that it was a 'nasty night with so much snow' and walked with him to the door. There was one more kiss—another chaste salute on her forehead—and the door slammed.

"The poor chorus boy out on the fire-escape heard the door slam, but not being certain that the young lady was alone raised the window very carefully. He was covered with about two inches of snow and he could hardly talk—his teeth were chattering from the icy blasts. But he did manage to whisper: 'Has that sucker gone?'"

"Good night," was the only thing I could retort.



LOLA TODD and ROSE BLOSSOM
"UNIVERSAL PLAYERS" at work

HOT DOGS FROM THE CAMPUS.



SKEPTICAL

When some big Prune,
The son of a Nut,
Marries a Lemon,
And the Pear
Have a Peach for a daughter,
With Cherry lips,
And Roses in her cheeks,
How in the Devil
Can you believe in Heredity?

AUTHORS HURT

First Lad—Why, my father
dropped twelve stories, and it
never hurt him.

Second Lad—You don't say
so. How did that happen?

First Lad—He's an editor.

SOUGHT REAL LIFE

"Sblood, Polonius, but you
are high-brow. You still patronize
the legitimate shows, and
shun the movies."

"Sgore, Gladiolus, one cannot
well take a reel of film out for
a midnight party."

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"Aha!" screamed the villain.
"Where are you taking the papers?"

"I am taking them to the
blacksmith's," retorted the hero.
"Aha! You are having them
forged?"

"No! I am having them filed."

YOUTH'S WARNING

Beware, exulting youth, beware,
When life's young pleasures
woo,

That ere you yield you shrive
your heart,
And keep your conscience
true!

For sake of silver spent today,
Why pledge tomorrow's gold?
Or in hot blood implant remorse,
To grow when blood is cold?

Refrain

If wrong you do, if false you
play,

In Summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In Winter among the showers.
To turn the balance of Heaven
Surpasses mortal power;

For every white there is a black,
For every sweet a sour.

For every up there is a down,
For every folly, shame;
And retribution follows guilt,
As burning follows flame.



FLATTERED

He—Dearest, will you marry
me?

She (ardently)—Torrence, I
can't marry you, but I shall al-
ways respect your good taste.

AMBITIONS THROUGH THE AGES

6 years—Doll to play with.
16 years — Automobile to
drive.

26 years—Sweetheart.
36 years—Rest.
46 years—Sweetheart.
56 years—Automobile to be
driven in.

66 years—Doll to play with.

THE REFORMERS

"Pussyfoot, Pussyfoot, where
have you been?"

"I've been on a tour to talk
against gin.

Into other's affairs I've been
poking my nose
And scaring and bullying
bigotry's foes."

"Pussyfoot, Pussyfoot, please
answer me:

Have we any rights left in this
land of the free?"

"I can't say offhand, but you
should have a few—

But you won't have a one when
our gang is all through!"

"What type lad is your
fiance?"

"Oh, when he puts his arms
around my neck and presses,
strange thrills run up and down
my spine."

"Oh, I see, a chiropractor."

She used to sit upon his lap
As happy as could be.

But now it makes her seasick—
He has water on the knee.

KNOT SO!

Lady—I suppose you have
been in the navy so long you are
accustomed to sea legs.

Sailor—Lady, I wasn't even
looking.

FLOISHMENT

"For warmer days I'm hanker-
ing,"

Said handsome Henry Pickett,
"You see, I own an overcoat,
But I can't wear the ticket!"

RULES FOR PEDESTRIANS ON THE CAMPUS

The traffic situation has become so acute as to call for a set of rules which it is hoped will greatly lessen the undertaker's income tax:

1—When crossing intersections, hold the arms above the head, palms out, fingers extended and joined, to show the motorist that you are helpless, and unarmed. If he still pursues you, leap as far as possible to either side, but keep the arms upraised, as this makes it easier for the undertaker to remove the coat.

2—Carry your pockets full of tacks, and if a motorist runs over you he will not repeat the offense.

3—Walk across the street as if you did not see the car. This is less likely to antagonize the driver and your chances of living are increased 7½ per cent.

4—When struck by a moving vehicle, quickly swallow a large shot of Scotch or gin. This stimulant will keep you alive until you can make a note of his license number.

5—Reduce as much as possible. Motorists hate to run over thin people as they are likely to puncture their tires on the bones. Motorists are so careful of little things like that.

6—Do not cross the street.

PAPA'S PIECE

I sent my boy to college,
With a pat upon his back,
I spent ten thousand dollars,
And got a quarterback.



OFF HIS NUT

"What part of those student Fords causes most of the wrecks?"

"The nut that holds the steering wheel."

ULTRA DECOLLETE

We noticed the following on a poster advertising a school dance: "Girls may attend this dance, but no dresses are to be worn above the knees." We tried to get tickets, but none were to be had.

LINES TO A SPANISH CAVALIER

I like your dash, I like your pep,
My Spanish Man, and when we step

The tango, ah, I sigh with bliss
And ecstasy is in your kiss.

I'd needs look far were I to seek
Another love with your technique!

But now, Senor, you'll have to go.

A lover, yes—a husband, NO!

You throw the bull too gracefully;

You're much too good at it for me.

A toreador I wouldn't mind,
But the bull you throw is NOT that kind!

Adios!

WATER

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen—You have asked me to respond to the toast "Water," the purest and best of all of the things that God created. I want to say to you that I have seen it glisten in tiny tear drops on the sleeping lids of infancy; I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth, and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age. I have seen it in tiny dew drops on the blades of grass like polished diamonds, when the morning sun burst in resplendent glory over the Eastern hills. I have seen it in the rushing river, rippling over pebbly bottoms; roaring over precipitous falls in its mad rush to join the mighty Father of Waters. And I have seen it in the mighty ocean on whose broad bosom float the battleships of the world, but, ladies and gentlemen, I want to say to you now that, as a beverage, it is a failure.

TRY IT

Betty—I kissed him when he wasn't looking.

Letty—What did he do?

Betty—He wouldn't look at me the rest of the evening.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:—

I have been watching the gold fish in my house, and I find they keep moving all the time. What makes the fish so restless?

Sincerely yours,

Joe Jinks.

Answer:—The fish is restless because it is between two flap-pers.

Dear Editor:—

My sweetie tells me he loves me, but I must be sure that he has faith and confidence. How can I find out?

Sincerely yours,

Lulu Love.

Answer:—Feed him hash. If he eats it, he must have faith and confidence.

Dear Editor:—

In doing my marketing, I find I cannot tell old prunes from new ones. How can I find out?

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Hottair.

Answer:—Old prunes have wrinkles.

Dear Editor:—

I just met a charming young lady, but am not positive if she is a peach or a lemon. How can I find out?

Sincerely yours,

Du M. Bell

Answer:—Squeeze her and see.

Dear Editor:—

They say you are a mind

reader. I am going to a doctor to be treated for a certain illness which I am now thinking of. If you are a mind, reader, tell me what the doctor will give me?

Yours doubting,

Thomas Smith.

Answer:—The doctor will give you a bill.

Dear Editor:—

They tell me you can tell a man's occupation from his actions. In a restaurant yesterday I saw a man dusting off his plate. What is his business?

Yours for truth,

Spees Gilligan.

Answer:—The man dusting off a plate must be a baseball umpire.

Dear Editor:—

I ran down the subway stairs yesterday breathing very hard, and breathed in the face of a man seated in the train. He tipped his hat and gave me a seat, something that does not happen to me in the subway for the past ten years. Can you explain this?

Sincerely yours,

Kitty Kat.

Answer:—You have halitosis.

Dear Editor:—

My sweetheart wants me to buy her a diamond ring, but I



am broke. How can I get it?

Sincerely yours,

Harold Harddupp.

Answer:—Anyone in love should take things on trust.



Dear Editor:—

I am in love with a bashful boy. He is so bow-legged that every time I sit on his lap, I fall to the floor. Tell me what I can do.

Sincerely yours,

Lonesome Sue.

Answer:—Sit cross-wise on his lap.

Dear Editor:—

Is it possible for a fellow to begin at the bottom and work up in politics?

Yours ambitiously,

Joe Jenks.

Answer:—No, in politics you begin at the bottom and work down.

Dear Editor:—

Please tell me whether debt and wealth are the same.

Sincerely yours,

Poor Conscience.

Answer:—You are correct as both debt and wealth are the difference between income and expenditure.

Dear Editor:—

Why do women adopt short skirts.

Yours,

Suffragett.

Answer:—To make it easier to run for office.



MARGARET BREEN, Playing one of the leads in "PASSIONS OF 1926"

White Studio



NO RACE horse of modern times had as spectacular a career as Morvich. It reads like a fairy tale. As a colt he was a fizzle. So slow in workouts and so bad looking that the trainer placed him in second stable with the selling platers and castoffs.

The most promising horse in the stable was Runstar, a beautiful chestnut. Morvich had defective knees, and his unimpressive workouts caused the owners to enter him in the Suffolk Selling Stakes at Jamaica. Odds of 30 to 1 was offered and later increased to 50 to 1 as the horses went to the post. So little was thought of Morvich, that no bets were placed on him by his own stable despite the long odds offered. Nevertheless he startled his, winning very easily by 10 lengths.

Even this victory did not change his stable's opinion and Morvich was sold for \$4500 to Maxie Hirsch, who thought so little of the horse, he sold him without running him.

Astounding his new owners the horse won three rather unimportant races in succession; which induced Benjamin Block, a half owner to buy out his partner for \$35,000. A very respectable price for the discard of the stables.

The first real contest is that described in the poem following a \$10,000. stake where Morvich defeated Kai Sarg, Oil Man and Sir Hugh, and repeated a week later in Saratoga Special, winning \$9500.00.

In the next race Runstar the former pride of the stables was entered and at the finish was 10 lengths behind the discarded Morvich. Suffice it to say that in his first season Morvich won eleven straight races, while Runstar the stable favorite in 13, finished third in one and was unplaced in five others, winning a total of \$5301.00 against \$115,285 won by Morvich.

The culminating victory was next season by the winning of the Kentucky Derby against the cream

of Americas's three year olds by an out upon length.

The ugly duckling came into its own, and Morvich the ugly, the cast off, the selling plater became one of the great horses of the American turf.

A "sure thing" said the bookies, "lay seven to two" The race goes to Kai Sang the best horse to-day For Morvich can beat—the jockey is sweet, Kai Sang likes fast going—he can win all the way.

A new jockey, no rider—a rank outsider
If he is a rider who the devil is a jock!
Your amateurs blunder—Sande gets plunder,
Good hands, good head and sits like a rock.

None can outlast, few travel as fast
He strides in his work clean away from Grey Lag
As he holds him and sits him, he couldn't be fitter
And touch a whip to him, he's away like a stag.

Dark brown, tan muzzle—stripped for the
struggle
Stood the favorite arching his neck to the curb
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

The race is beginning, six horses at post
Hold hard on the Chestnut, turn 'round there,
don't lag
Keep back in the blue, come up there Sir Hugh
So steady there—easy—and down went the flag...

There off and Kai Sang forged a length to the
front
He raced at the rail at a murderous pace,
Forcing the running, discarding all cunning
He's leading the field at the start of the race.

The black's up to his quarter, On still he's
brought
Up to his girth, to his breast did he draw.
A hum of hoarse cheering, the finish is nearing
All seen more clearly the shouts now are heard.

Morvich the black—the shouts now are thunder.
Kai Sang is fast, Morvich's going past
Kai Sang will outlast, Morvich still the leader
Here come the racers, thundering past.

Down the stretch hurdling, a thunder of hoofs.
The brown has a neck on the black, then he
swerves,
A touch of the whip—he springs up on the black
The black crowds ahead, the stands rock and surge.

The finish-race over—who wins?
"Dead heat" yelled the crowd, "Dead Heat"
A sudden silence as the winner is posted.
Morvich the winner—the favorite's beat.

F I N I S



WHO'S DRUNK

A man much inebriated flopped into a seat in the lobby besides a clergyman.

"Nish day," began the drunk.

"Yes, it is," said the clergyman, feeling that perhaps the circumstances called for a little forbearance.

"Nish hotel."

"Yes, I find it very comfortable."

"Will you have a drink?"

This was too much. The clergyman's face set severely and he intoned sternly, "No, thank you, sir. I don't indulge."

"Shay, whattaye givin' us, feller? You're drunk now. You gotsha collar on backwards."

First Music Girl Student—I can hold 'la' for fifteen seconds.

Second—I can hold 'ti' for twenty seconds.

First Again—That's nothing. John held 'mi' for three hours last night.

FLY STUFF

"Goodby," said the aviator to his sweetheart, as his plane pulled out.

"Goodby," she breathed, "I'll never call you down again."

"Please don't. May I call you up some time?"

"Sure, drop down any time."

SAFETY FIRST

"Will you accompany me on the piano?" he asked.

"Not without a chaperon," answered the careful girl. Because she was a very, very careful girl.

"The home of the swallow," declared Bobbie, seriously, "is in the stummick."

UNDER THE WEATHER

Mr. O'Bryan—By golly, I'm tired to-night.

Mrs. O'Bryan—There you go again. You're tired. Here I been standing over a hot stove all day and you working in a nice cold sewer.

THE UNLUCKY MEMBER

Red was one of the most prominent members of the college, yet he had never received any public acclaim; in fact, only a few passing comments had he ever received. Possibly it was because he didn't have the true college spirit, for although he was an exceptionally fast runner, he had never gone out for track.

He was unfortunate, and yet somehow magnificent in his ill fortune. Blow after blow he received, and somehow passed them off with little change in himself. At one time in his life Red (only his best friends called him that) was thoroughly broken, and yet in the face of it was able to make himself greater than he had ever been before. Red was a nose.

SHE LIKED THE CHANGE

He—Didn't you say there was something you liked about me?

She—Yes, but you've spent it now.

"The difference between a woman and a glass," said the funny fellow, "is that the glass reflects without speaking, while a woman speaks without reflecting."

Little Girl (as her mother overhauls her furs for the winter): "Mother, what did moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes?"

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Two's company; three's a witness.

THE FATTED CALVES

Lady—I suppose you have been in the navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs.

Sailor—Lady, I wasn't even looking.

ASK MA—SHE KNOWS

Chaperon—Just saw a young man on the back porch trying to kiss your daughter.

Modern Mother—Did he succeed?

Chaperon—No, he did not.

Modern Mother—Well, it wasn't my daughter, then.

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

There was a young woman so thin

She looked the same as a pin

Don't think I would creep

To a keyhole to peep

I was told by a friend who looked in.

YETH, ONTH MORE

"Death—" the cry was wrung from a slight girl who swayed and staggered. The crowd waited in horror.

"Death—" repeated the girl, more distinctly. "Deth thave me one more dance."

—Louisiana Purple Pel.

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